

ELACANS IN EL PASO ARE UNDER THE PROTECTION OF LAWS THAT ARE LAWS

(BY H. D. S.)

WHILE a new crisis in Mexican affairs impends, it is timely to voice a word of friendly reassurance to the citizens of Mexico who reside in El Paso and along the border. Already there is uneasiness among them, and some express doubt about the wisdom of remaining here.

No words are too strong to use in assuring these good people of El Paso's friendship and genuine regard. They are welcome to come and welcome to stay. Every power, public and private, would be exerted in any event to protect them from unfortunate occurrences—every power that would be exerted in behalf of the Americans among us.

El Paso is a lover of peace, an exemplar of order and law. Throughout more than four years of disturbed conditions near us, amounting at times to savagery, this city has gone about her business and her pleasure unmolested. Throughout this whole period, there has not been a single instance in El Paso of lawless acts involving international or interracial feeling.

It is truly a wonderful record. It is a record of which El Paso has a right to be proud. Nothing can happen to change the temper of the El Paso people. They are not hostile toward Mexico or Mexicans, and have never been hostile. In case anything should take place temporarily to disturb the relations of the two countries as independent nations, the condition would be deemed a public one, calling for no private or local interference or reprisal.

Throughout the years of Mexican revolution, this city has suffered great wrongs from the Mexican factional governments and from the American government. El Paso has been abused and attacked. She has been

hurt. The people of El Paso have been subjected to a kind of espionage that has always been irksome and at times outrageous. Every faction has made its headquarters here, with juntas and militant plotting. Openly or covertly, every faction has had its representatives busy here among all classes and in all parts of the city.

Such conditions might have produced an intolerable state of affairs here. Such conditions might have brought on frequent crimes or even rioting. Such conditions might have produced insults and aggressions, to arouse human passion and inflame racial antagonisms. But to the everlasting credit of all the people, citizens and visitors alike, and including civil and military authorities, it is in the record that there has never been a crime or an act of aggression traceable to international or race feeling. Human rights have been respected, the flags of the two countries have never been insulted, and peace and order have reigned here under law at all times.

So it will ever be, and must be. No matter what happens in Mexico or in international relations, El Paso will keep the peace within her borders. No disturbance will arise here. Military and civil authorities will have assistance, moral, and physical should it ever become necessary, of the men of El Paso to conserve order and insure safety to all.

With such a record behind us, and such a spirit ruling the people of El Paso today, El Paso is the safest place in America. El Paso has been tried, and has not been found wanting. No matter what crisis may arise, El Paso will hold fast to the fine principles that have actuated her in the past. El Paso will keep the peace.

To El Paso's Mexican guests, let it be said with the conviction of sincerity and with the consciousness of power, that to them will be extended the same protection, the same sort of protection, that is accorded our own people—always assuming, of course, that on their part they abide by the laws and do nothing calculated to create doubt, suspicion, or hostility. So long as they remain disposed to cooperate with us to maintain order under law, and to conserve peace and safety, they will be regarded as one with us, and they need not feel the least apprehensive of any unfortunate thing happening to disturb the friendly relations always existing. They are our guests—that is enough.

The Russian peasants have a pretty phrase expressive of their traditional hospitality. When they receive a guest they give him bread and salt in token of his welcome and of domestic confidence. The "bread and salt brother" for the time is one of the family, and the family would no more think of taking advantage of him than he would think of violating the confidence reposed in him and thus naively expressed. So to our "bread and salt brother" from Mexico El Paso gives assurance of good will and the full protection of the laws of Texas and of the United States.

A woman whose gold clock was stolen from her boudoir put no blame on her dog for not warning her of a burglar because he was only a watch dog. Germany's victory over the Lusitania is so far the biggest loss she has suffered during the war.

There is a lively increase in business at the railway ticket offices in Germany and Italy. Americans are getting out of the Vaterland and Germans are leaving Italy in great numbers. It is an uneasy world.

The world is likely to have some new trouble soon, say the overwise ones, for there are spots on the sun again. Twenty-five were counted last week by watchers in one observatory.

To What Good End?

If the United States should break off diplomatic relations with Germany, would it settle anything? If there should be war, would it settle anything? Would there be any glory or honor in adding the United States to make the tenth power in the aggregation fighting the central empires? It is not a question of danger or sacrifice to our selves, but a question of what would be gained for mankind.

The American people ought to be doing a lot of hard thinking right now. The main question is, What are we after? What do we seek to accomplish for permanent good? How best go about our task of protecting ourselves against wrong, and insuring for the future a peaceable opportunity to work out our own national problems?

The United States is writhing in a maze of self questioning. We have certain choices set before us. So much depends on what we shall do, how we shall do it, and when. We are not choosing for ourselves, but for all time, for posterity.

The least we should allow ourselves is careful consideration of consequences. We should take no step that we cannot demonstrate heretofore, while the world lasts, to have been justified. We should make no motion that we do not expect to have its logical result. The greatest thing to be feared is that we shall fail to enter into the minds of those with whom we are dealing, and that we shall unnecessarily precipitate a tragedy.

Judged by the best human standards we now know, a necessary war is righteous—a justifiable sacrifice in behalf of the progress of mankind. But by the same standards, an unnecessary war is a crime against all mankind. Conscience is, or ought to be, the sole judge. Let us ask, not, Will it pay? but, Is it right?

Short Snatches From Everywhere

Friendship is not an arguable thing—New York Times.

War is at best the manifestation of the mob spirit on a national scale.—Kansas City Journal.

After all, wars are great education.—Oklahoma City Oklahoman.

Mr. Roosevelt has been a militant reformer in public and a docile private. He is definitely on the side of the law and of the former administrators would like to forget him.—Portales (N.M.) Valley News.

Because E-3 broke her crank shaft in the fleet maneuvers, secretary Daniels is in for renewed roasting. Who could know in advance that the crank shaft would break? But, anyhow, Mr. Daniels is to blame.—Springfield Republican.

War, like politics, makes strange bedfellows. Rudyard Kipling, who once inveighed against any "truce with the bear that walks like a man" was withdrawn from a Polish relief society because somebody voiced a reflection on the Russian government.—Kansas City Times.

War correspondents in Europe deplore the legacy of hatred that will be left to the nations now engaged after the close of the present conflict, and they say it will be such as the world has never seen before in all its history.—Oklahoma City Times.

From Louisville, Ky., comes a story that a drug called marihuana is coming from Mexico and taking the place of those which have been cut off by the embargo laws. It is holding the American market. This is the same drug found in New York. It is said to be as powerful in its effect upon body and mind as those forbidden—Tulsa (Okla.) Democrat.

Senator Lodge now rises to announce in his authoritative way that in times like the present, patriotism should be placed above partisanship and we guess will get out some of our handsomely engraved notes and paper and write and ask this great man to mention a word of our old-fashioned, just by way of illustration.—Ohio State Journal.

Rose Proves Nature Can Put It Over Science: Busy Bunch Of Imitators' Always Flat Failures

BY GEORGE FITCH

ABOUT this time of the year the rose comes ably out from the thorny vine and begins to gladden the heart of the poet, the lover, the gardener, the stung, the art, the lady, and the starving worm.

Roses are one of the most important parts of June. If it were not for roses and commencement brides June would be no better than May or July. But in June ten million roses unfold in the warm air and after the carterwomen have inhaled the fragrance on the way home, he buys a bouquet for his wife for the first time in nine years and stops thinking about business for a few minutes.

The rose is one of the most beautiful things that nature does. Scientists sit up at night trying to imitate its color. Lovers get large rewards for comparing complexions with its perfume. The artist scents his bottles and sells it at high prices, and in spite of all cynics, roses tied up with ribbons, with notes among the leaves, have won more brides than gold bands.

The rose is an exclusive flower. It doesn't hide its face from the orchid. It grows cheerfully and enthusiastically in the back yards of American homes among old tomato cans and ex-limbs on the railroad rights of way.



"The Careworn Citizen buys a bouquet for his wife for the first time in nine years."

way and climbs up over the doorway of the washerwoman. It is as easy to grow as the burdock and the great proof of its beauty is the fact that in spite of its cheapness and its willingness to grow, it is in the garden of almost every home and out with a hoe.

Practical men scoff at roses and do not see why time should be wasted upon them. Yet these same practical men, when they have worked themselves into a state of bilious ruin, climb aboard a ship and go to England, where they wander down country roads, past cottages, each of which is framed in roses, and they pay big prices for the privilege to keep the roses away from them.

To plant a rosebush is to perform an act of simple kindness to a thousand eyes. We are not kind enough to our poor old eyes in America. We fill our eyes to get along and pick up with pleasure a cigarette advertisement on a billboard.

I can't pull uncle Wiggly's tail, I can pull out your feathers, crow girl! "Oh, please don't," begged Mary. "Yes I shall, too," cried the chimp. "And I'll take those roses, also, and make soup and hash of them."

Oh, how badly Mary felt then. But don't worry, just you wait and see what happens. The chimpanzee tail-pulling monkey made a grab for the June roses, and before making soup or hash of them he took a long snarl, for he just loved perfume.

Only he made a mistake, not knowing any better, and he smelled of the prickly, thorny stems, instead of sniffing the roses. The thorns pricked his nose and the monkey suddenly cried: "Ouch! Wow! Oh, my! Some one stuck a needle in that Zoop!" Then the monkey dropped the June roses, and ran off to get a bit of court plaster for his nose, and Mary picked up the bouquet and hurried on to school, where she soon arrived safely.

So this teaches us that the thorns on roses are very useful, and in the story after this, if the eggbeater doesn't climb the bean pole and jump off into the lobster basket, and the potato masher, I'll tell you about Mary helping uncle Wiggly.—Copyright, 1915, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

A FLIVVER From the Fort Sumner (N.M.) Review. The Albuquerque Journal boasts a printer who owns a 30 H.P. Automobile. H. P. probably means hand power in this instance. The Review printer owns a 2 H. P. Washington, one of the pair that Noah took with him on his ark voyage.

LITTLE INTERVIEWS

EL PASO and Mascot, Ariz., will both benefit by the delegation that El Paso is going to send to the celebration that is to be held at Mascot at the official opening of the mines and the railroad. said Thomas M. McCauley, president of the Mascot copper company. "The establishment of the personal equation is always valuable. I have talked with a number of business men here and find that they are already doing considerable business around Wilcox and I am sure that this trade trip to Tucson, I have been told, has brought excellent results and I am sure that the trip to Mascot will have equally beneficial results."

"I have visited a number of border ports in the last week and at each of them I have found a keen interest manifested by Mexicans of all factions in the development of the Mexican policy of Washington," said Leonard Meade. "Little attention was paid to the movement at first, since the revival of intervention talk, the interest has been keen. Most of the Mexicans express the belief that intervention is not even being considered. There is one thing certain, however, every Mexican on the border is taking more interest in the outcome of the president's policy than at any time since intervention talk was broached."

"The army is always ready to cooperate in every possible way with the citizens of the cities near which are army stations for the observation of national holidays," said Gen. J. J. Pershing. "The army stands for patriotism and am ready at any time to assist in whatever way may be possible to help toward a fitting observance of our national holidays."

"For a short time over the Piedmont scenic road out over the mesa is worth while taking," said Robert Mullen. "The road is rather crooked and there are a variety of grades, hills and sudden turns to keep the driver busy but, to anyone who knows this western country, the scenic trip though short is a most agreeable one. The first dip of the road drops the city completely off the map and the mountains on the other side of the river, with the Franklin range form a background for a continuous rise of foothills. The unusually green appearance of the prairie now makes the views very pretty."

"The Canadian government has very field laws for the protection of game," said W. A. George, captain of detectives. "I was on a recent visit to Gen. J. J. Pershing of British Columbia. I saw from the patch of the hotel near come out from the timber and go down to the creek and drink. They had some uncolored so long that they had no fear of human beings."

"The thanks of the tennis players from out of town go to the people of El Paso who helped to make the fourth annual tournament of the Border States Tennis association so great a success," declared J. M. Lawton, of Phoenix, president of the association. "We particularly wish to thank the Country club, the Chamber of Commerce, the press and E. E. Jeff and W. A. Horner."

"Cut out the cut out" would be a good slogan for El Paso to adopt," said E. E. Griffin. "The noise created by the opening of the cut out of an automobile could just as well be done away with, for it adds nothing to the power of the engine to open up the muffler. In some cities laws have been enacted forbidding to drive their machines with the muffler open, and it would be a good law to put into effect in El Paso."

Bedtime Story For the Little Ones

"Mary Caw-Caw and the June Roses."

By HOWARD B. GARIS.

MARY CAW-CAW, the little crow girl, woke very early in her nest-house in the tall pine tree one morning, and, fluttering first one wing and then the other, and stretching out her claws, she flew down to the ground.

"Why, Mary, where are you going so early before breakfast?" asked aunt Filippity-Flop, the dear old maid crow lady, who, as usual, was sweeping off the front porch with her broom.

"I am going after flowers," said Mary, as she dipped her beak in a little spring of clear, cool water, and took a long drink.

"Flowers?" exclaimed aunt Filippity-Flop, and as she said that she swept a little too much on one side of her left claw, and the next moment she fell right down. Zip! But she did not get hurt in the least, as she fell on the soft doormat, which was made of old crow feathers.

"Oh, how you startled me," exclaimed Mary.

"Yes, I am a little surprised myself," said Filippity-Flop. "I know it only takes a very little to upset me, such as too much dust all up in a sugar cookie, but I never thought a little too much dust on one side would do it. I must be more careful after this."

Aunt Filippity-Flop was very sensitive and easily upset, you see. Why, sometimes she would swoon away, if a canary bird just put his head too close on one side. But the dear old maid crow lady was seldom hurt, though she did flip and flop, which was the reason she had such an odd name.

"You say you are going after flowers, Mary?" asked aunt Filippity, as she carefully swept the dust all up in a heap in the middle, so as not to upset herself again.

"Yes, flowers for our school," replied the little crow girl. "The lady mouse teacher asked us all to bring some. So I am going off in the woods before breakfast to gather a bouquet."

"That will be nice," spoke aunt Filippity-Flop. So Mary Caw-Caw flew down and gathered flowers, singing as she made them into a bouquet with ferns and ribbon grass. And she sang a song like this:

"I see flowers red and blue, and I will gather them for you. Rain and sunshin' from above, grow the flowers that we love."

"Pretty flowers, as they dwell, in woodland depths, are sweet to smell. Don't smell too hard, though, if you please, or flower-dust will make you sneeze."

And, no sooner had Mary sung that song than she took a long, sweet sniff of a yellow dandelion, and, surely enough, the dust got up her nose and she sneezed: "A-ker-chool! A-ker-chool! A-ker-chool!"

But the little crow girl did not mind that, and kept on gathering flowers until she had a fine bouquet for the lady mouse teacher.

Then Mary flew back to her nest-house to get ready for school, and, on her way, she flew over the garden where a rich canary bird gentleman lived. His house was a golden cage, and all around it were beautiful June roses blooming.

"Oh, how I wish I had some of those roses!" sighed Mary. "They are so much more gorgeous than the plain little wild flowers that wilt so quickly. But she could not have any of the lovely June roses and she knew it, so she tried to be satisfied with the more simple blossoms."

But you just wait and see what happens. Uncle Wiggly Longears, the rabbit gentleman, had also risen early that morning to take a walk in the woods before breakfast. And he happened to be near the gold cage-house of the canary bird gentleman as Mary came past on her way to the nest-house. Uncle

Wiggly heard what the little crow said. "So she wants some of those June roses, does she?" said the rabbit gentleman softly. "Well, she shall have them. I am rich, and I'll buy some roses for her from the canary bird gentleman."

Which uncle Wiggly did, taking them to the little crow girl, just as she was about to start for school with her wild-flower bouquet.

"Oh, how lovely!" cried Mary, as she saw the gorgeous blossoms. "These will be just wild about these June roses."

"Not too wild, I hope," said uncle Wiggly, twinkling his nose.

"Oh, no, just a little wild," laughed Mary. Then she gave her woodland flowers to Jimmie, her brother, to take to the teacher, and Mary herself carried the June roses, which smelled most wonderfully, and did not make her sneeze, either.

Well, half way to school Jimmie ran on ahead to play ball with Jackie Bow Wow, the puppy dog boy, and Mary was left alone on the path, carrying the June roses.

The little crow girl was sniffing and smelling them, when, all of a sudden, she ran from behind a stump jumped the bad, old, tall pulling chimpanzee monkey, who had not been seen for a week or more.

"Ah, ha!" cried the chimpanzee. "I

THE ONLY WAY HE CAN GET ON THAT SUIT IS TO HAVE HIMSELF POUCHED INTO IT

I DON'T WANT TO KNOW THE OLD BOY OF BE A CREEPY HANGER OR NOT LIKE THAT BUT IT LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING THE CAT DRAGGED IN T ME - GET THE DRIFT?

OH I DON'T THINK THAT ANYONE WOULD TUMBLE TO THE FACT THAT THIS WAS A REFEETER - YOU KNOW THE NEW SUITS ARE CLOSE FITTING

IT'S SORT OF A CLOSE FIT HAROLD - I DON'T THINK THAT YOU COULD CARRY MUCH IN THE POCKET - OF COURSE I COULD PUT A V IN THE BACK

BLAME ME MR RILEY BUT YOU'RE LOOKIN' MIGHTY WELL

IT'S KIND OF LEAKIN' OUT HERE POP

NOBODY HOME BUT THE SUBMARINE AN' THAT'S IN AND OUT

INDOOR SPORTS

TRYING TO MAKE LAST YEARS LIGHT SUIT GO THROUGH ONE MORE SESSION



TRYING TO MAKE AN OLD SUIT DO

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The Daily Novelette

THEM WAS THE DAYS.

BEN EBELER, the world's first great impresario, was on the stage of the Biola Grand Opera House on this May afternoon of the year 1750, repairing a sensitive footlight that had cracked when Marie Gardens reached high F during the morning rehearsal. "Ben, Ben!" asked a voice behind him.

The impresario turned to behold a statuesque female with hair the color of burning fire.

"I wish to enter grand opera," she continued. "I can make the fortune of an empire, and I will."

"Look at my hair," Olga Nethel had red hair, Pauline Salthouse had red hair, and the world's great artists have red hair. And mine is redder than any two of them. Are you contented?"

"Naturally," said Ben Ebeler. "All that remains is for me to try your voice. Stand up, Olga, and sing."

"The hot aria from Castor and Pollux," she sang.

"She did so. We will not attempt to describe her voice, because swear words

What To See at the Movies

TODAY

Alhambra—"Gaustrark," a V-L-S-E feature with Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne.

Biola—"The Awakening Hour," three part dramatic feature.

He Wouldn't Stay Down.—Ford Sterling Keystone comedy. "The Man Who Wasn't There."

The Purple Iris.—Two-part oriental picture. "A Force of Example," drama.

Don't look refined in print.

"I see," said Ben Ebeler. "Well, now, one thing more. Do you sufficiently love your art to be willing to give up anything for it—even 'I' itself?"

"I do," said the red-haired croaker firmly.

"Then do it now," said Ben Ebeler. And he touched a button and the trap door on which he placed all ambitious artists, the croaker, opened, and he fell into the raging waters of the sea.

"That was the days!"

(Copyright by George M. Adams.)

WALT MASON.

The Helpless

The man who's always waiting for help to do his task, down to the dump goes skating, where dread whangdoodles bask. "I've asked my neighbor, Perkins," says helpless Willyum Weed, "to help me plant my gherkins, and now my nutmeg seed, and when he comes, you betcher, we'll make things hum around; and then I'll ask Bill Fletcher to come and roll the ground." He waits and keeps on waiting, nor tries to make things hum, but spends his time beating the friends who do not come. He sits and scolds and whistles, and waits, and never stirs, while fields grow up to thistles, and juicy cockleburrs. He'll wait, and keep awaiting the friend who never comes; he'll sit, all effort hating, stwiddling of his thumbs, until, to end the circus, a cart comes to the gate, to take him to the works, where other paupers wait. The delegate who's wedding his way to wealth and fame, is on himself depending, throughout this mortal game.

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